



Men who seek the Northern woods for business or pleasure will tell you of the real warmth of Mayo 10-rib knitting.

The Challenge of the Shrinking Dollar Met by American Ingenuity

PEOPLE should know how acute the underwear situation is. Foreign countries are buying up great quantities of our available supplies—out-bidding American buyers.

Winter is almost at hand. Thermometers are being dusted off down around the 32° mark. People have learned to heed the Army Surgeon's advice: avoid influenza, grippé, common colds, by keeping the body warm, by wearing warm underclothing, by being prepared against sudden drops in temperature.

There are over 100 million people in the United States. Thousands and thousands of them will be crowding around the underwear counters demanding warm underwear.

In general prices will be high—and high-priced underwear scarce. Fortunately, American people are not given to knocking under just because the problem is a stiff one. If they have a need and the old way is out of their reach, they look around for another way, and nine times out of ten they find it.

Why 10-Rib knitting gives added warmth

High-priced underwear has always been made right. Much of it was always knit 10 Ribs to the Inch—that is important.

But before Mayo Underwear came most moderate priced underwear was knit with only 8 ribs to the inch. Mayo Underwear is knit with 10 Ribs to the Inch. It is the only moderate priced underwear knit with 10 ribs to the inch.

Those 2 additional ribs in every inch of underwear surface put more warmth, more elasticity and longer life into every Mayo garment.

This putting of 10-rib knitting into moderate priced Mayo is probably the Greatest Forward Step in the underwear industry in the last twenty-five years. It is the direct result of a series of forward steps taken by the Mayo Mills.

How 10-Rib knitting came to moderate priced underwear

In 1895, we started spinning the highest quality mule-spun yarn produced in this country.

In 1911, we started knitting Mayo mule-spun yarn

into a better garment—proclaimed by the well-informed as the best moderate priced garment produced up to that time.

But great need existed for a warmer, popular priced underwear. No maker had been able to knit 10 Ribs to the inch in any but expensive grades.

In 1915, we solved the problem.

Ever since Mayo Underwear for Men and Boys has been knit with 10 Ribs to the inch instead of 8.

10-rib knitting is closer knitting—hence warmer knitting. It is softer and more "fleecey"—your boys raise no "kick or howl" when time to go into Mayo Underwear comes around.

10-rib Mayo must fit better—2 extra ribs to the inch must give great elasticity. And common sense will tell you that 10-rib knitting must make Mayo wear longer.

And in 1918, popular demand forced us to open our second big mill at Mt. Airy, N. C.

Other points of Mayo money's worth

10-rib knitting isn't the only point of extra value about Mayo Underwear. Mayo Underwear is knit from Mayo-spun yarn. The sleeves and legs are cut to fit the arms of men and boys—not all straight up-and-down. The seams are rip-proof. The arm holes are full-sized. There is no binding at the elbows. All edges are laundry-proof.

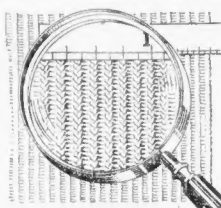
Song-fitting collars and shoulders, snug-fit cuffs and ankles. Full sized seat and re-inforced crotch. Big strong pearl buttons, well sewed on. Mayo special shoulder-gusset, giving fit—and freedom to the shoulders.

In fact, Mayo Underwear is Well Thought Out and Well Made Underwear at every point.

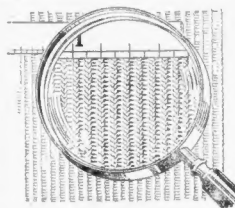
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Just one word more:—There is not nearly enough Mayo Underwear to supply all America. Scarcity has forced the Underwear Buying Season a full month ahead.

Then too, people know that Jack Frost is no respecter of persons. Shivers will soon be the style for postponers. So if you want 10-Rib Warmth, 10-Rib Quality and 10-Rib Wear at an 8-Rib Price, see the merchant who features Mayo while you can still get your size. Better see him today. Too many people realize Mayo money saving, to have present limited stocks of Mayo last very long.



8 Ribs to the Inch. Until Mayo came moderate-priced underwear was knit in the 8-rib way.



10 Ribs to the Inch. The Mayo way. Closer knitting gives far greater warmth and wear.

Mayo

Made from Mayo Yarn



This trade mark on each garment assures you of Mayo 10-Rib Quality, Warmth and Wear.

Union Suits - Shirts - Drawers

THE MAYO MILLS
MAYODAN, N. C.

Sales Office, 346 Broadway,
New York City

WINTER UNDERWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS



A Frosty Morning

*Painted in Oils
Especially for
this Page by
Henry Clive*





The American man of business quickly senses the real value in 10 ribs to the inch instead of 8.

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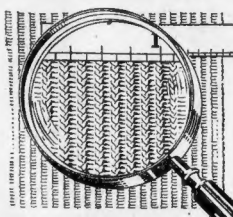
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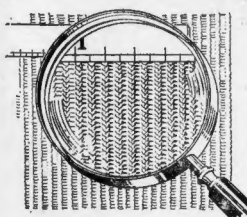
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*Painted in Oils
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NATIONAL BLOUSE WEEK

Fashion Approves the Blouse

IN THE GRADUAL DEVELOPMENT of women's attire, the blouse in recent years has come to occupy a position of the utmost dignity. Once considered only a garment of utility, it is now so dainty and charming in its more elaborate forms that it is the foundation, rather than the incident, of a costume.

THE MODERN BLOUSE is an evolution of the shirt waist, a manish design first worn in England a quarter of a century ago, as an adjunct to the walking costume. Paris approved and elaborated the idea, at first in stiff styles to complete the tailleur suit, progressing from lincens to the delicate silks, the gorgeous satins and the fine laces of to-day.

AMERICAN DESIGNERS have linked the superb artistry of Paris with the good taste of this country. Moderation of price naturally follows in the wake of big production. In the essentials of smart style, fine craftsmanship and durability, the American-made blouse is a creation that reflects the highest credit on those whose efforts have made it so universally popular.

This Week, Blouse is Supreme

THIS IS NATIONAL BLOUSE WEEK. In 50,000 stores and shops from Boston Light to the Golden Gate the women of America will be afforded opportunities to inspect the latest models of American made blouses, and to select from more beautiful and more varied stocks than were ever before assembled in their home cities and towns.

THE DOMINANT IDEA in inaugurating National Blouse Week is to demonstrate that the American blouse is an established creation, a product second to none. The styles are created in this country, the fabrics come from American mills, the dyes are of American manufacture and equal to the best in the world.

THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY for the women of the nation to become familiar with the wonderful work of American blouse designers and manufacturers. They will find models to suit every figure and complexion, and prices to suit every income.

TO BUY AT LEAST ONE American-made blouse this week will be an expression of good, healthy Americanism.

NATIONAL BLOUSE WEEK
November 10th to 15th '19
"Remember the Date"



Sponsored In The Interests of The American Woman
by
UNITED WAIST LEAGUE of AMERICA
The Chamber of Commerce of the Waist Industry
NEW YORK

What Little Elva's Husband Had to Agree To

How the Young Million-heiress's Mother
Has Tried to Insure Her Daughter's
Matrimonial Happiness
by a Remarkable
Agreement the Bridegroom
Must Live Up To



Will the Sort of "Bonds of Matrimony" Which Miss Elva's Mother
Has Tied Around Her Fiance Really Make Elva's
Married Life a Happy One?

"THE girl of good breeding, good family and fortune has to fight for her man against chorus girls, cabaret dancers, actresses, singers, adventuresses, vampires and coquettes. The only way she can overcome these competitors is to beat them at their own game. A girl who can dance a little more, sing a little better, and know the modern man's heart a good deal quicker than the girl who merely knows history and algebra, and the girl who can flirt her way to many conquests has a better chance of making an agreeable selection of a mate than the young woman who blushes and stammers when she meets a man. A strange man speaks to her, she dares not answer him, and she is left with this theory."

Two years ago, Mrs. A. G. Diestelhorst, wife of the millionaire oil magnate, of Kansas City, Missouri, made this remarkable statement to Probate Court Judge Edward E. Porterfield, who brought the wealthy mother into court to ask why her daughter Elva, then fifteen years old, was not learning history and geography and spelling, but had, instead, four private tutors to teach her dancing, music, painting, flirting and coquetry.

Despite the orders of school authorities, who are very strict in Missouri, Mrs. Diestelhorst had refused to send little Elva, a very beautiful child, either to a public or accredited private school.

Judge Porterfield sat aghast as Mrs. Diestelhorst, defending the course of "study" she had prescribed for her daughter, looked him squarely in the eye and made the above statement.

"I may not be the judges of this court, a few years from now, when this little girl becomes of a marriageable age and sets out to 'find her mate,'" Judge Porterfield remarked. "but those who are interested in the outcome of this extraordinary education Miss Diestelhorst is being given ought to inform the court then in session in this room, what the results by that time are of this interesting experiment. Then the mother may be declared justified or foolish, as the case may be, and an object lesson be put before other mothers."

Two years have passed since that scene in court.

The little heiress, Elva, has found her mate, and soon the results, which Judge

Porterfield declared should be observed with interest, will become apparent.

Elsewhere on this page is reproduced in full an amazing "contract" which this future husband of Elva had to sign before Mrs. Diestelhorst would consent even to the announcement of her daughter's engagement. This document is a remarkable example of a fond mother's attempt to obtain an insurance policy against Cupid's failure to perform those obligations which, she thinks should be part of the marriage relation for which she has so carefully prepared the rich little Elva.

The future husband who thus is bound by the tightest cords Cupid can weave about him, is Monsieur Neuville Nederlake, scion of an old and famous Belgian family, not rich in this world's goods, but rich in genealogy and in legends of past greatness as well as in the honor of valiant deeds done by the great forefathers.

ant deeds during the war just closed. Monsieur Nederlake was something of a young social idler when the war came, but he was among the first to answer King Albert's call to the colors. He soon disclosed that he could stand long watches in the trenches and heroic dashes with his company. Several times when worn-out troops came back from daring expeditions against the German Uhlans to tell of some unusually heroic feat of their officer, it was found that that officer was the dashing young Nederlake. Twice he was decorated with the most coveted medals in the Belgian King's army.

Young Nederlake came over to this country on an official mission in advance of King Albert. It was in New York, at the fashionable Ritz-Carlton, where the Diestelhorsts were guests, that little Elvira first met him. "I was love at first sight," she told the two young people. The young Belgian was fascinated, just as Diestelhorst had planned any suitor for her daughter's hand must be. But would that fascination last? That is what the mother asked herself, and that is why she insisted that there must be even more bonds than those of love wrapped about Elvira's choice.

If he keeps this contract M. Nederlander some day will be very rich. Elva will be a marriage settlement of \$55,000 a year—the income from a million dollar trust fund set away for her in her own right. And her husband fulfills his contract he will share with her in her final inheritance. If he doesn't the Diestelhorst millions will be left to Elva alone, so tied up that none but she can dispose of them or spend them.

**Articles of Agreement
Between Mrs. A. G. Diestelhorst
and M. Neuville Nederlake**

Entered into in the City of New York, State of New York, United States of America, Sept. 12, 1919.

IN CONSIDERATION OF THE CONSENT of Mrs. A. G. Diestelhorst, whose residence is in the city of Kansas City, in the State of Missouri, being hereby given to the marriage of her infant daughter, known as Elva Diestelhorst, seventeen years of age, to M. Neuville Nederlake, a citizen and resident of Belgium, the said M. Neuville Nederlake hereby agrees to the following covenants:

FIRST: THAT HE WILL SUBMIT to the said Mrs. A. G. Diestelhorst proofs satisfactory to her, or to her appointed medical advisers, of his healthful condition of mind and body, it being understood between the said M. Nederlake and the said Mrs. A. G. Diestelhorst that the final consent of the latter to the consummation of marriage between the said Elva Diestelhorst and the said M. Nederlake may be withheld at the option of the said Mrs. A. G. Diestelhorst if such proofs as above referred to are not submitted or are not accepted by her as satisfactory.

SECOND: THAT HE WILL at all times after the said marriage has been entered into, and during its continuance, endow his wife with the tender love, the complete trust, the affectionate care and gentle sympathy which should be the duty of the husband to extend to his wife in the perfect marriage relation;

THAT HE WILL BE GUILTY at no time of infidelity. IN THOUGHT OR ACTION, and that he will at all times conduct himself in such a manner as to promote the continued happiness of his wife and increase her love and fondness for him.

THIRD: That in enforcing those rights which will be his as a husband, he will not neglect to allow his wife that freedom of action in the pursuit of pleasure, entertainment, and the choice of mental and physical diversions which may become necessary to her contentment and happiness, and which, in her judgment, will preserve her attractiveness as a wife and, in the future, as a mother;

THAT HE WILL permit his wife to set aside during each day at least three hours, should she so desire, for devotion to dancing, music or social pastimes, according to her own desires without interference or supervision, by him, and without question or reproof, this custom to continue during the continuance of the marriage relation.

THE SAID M. Neuville Nedelake agrees also, in this respect, to allow his wife to absent herself from his companionship for at least two months of each year for the purpose of visiting her family, her relatives, her friends, wherever they may be, or for such other social or mental undertakings as she may elect to pursue without question or reproof from him.

FOURTH: THAT HE WILL PERMIT his wife, during the continuance of the marriage relation, to select and approve of all persons to be admitted into his home and the home of his wife as mutual friends or acquaintances.

AND THAT HIS FRIENDSHIP and regard shall not be extended to any person or persons, other than blood relatives, who are not acceptable as friends or acquaintances to his wife.

FIFTH: THAT HE WILL in no way seek to prevent his wife from the fullest enjoyment of her delight in all forms of interpretive dancing, the theatre and social amusement.

AND THAT HE WILL further, in such ways as he may be able so to do, her earnest wish to increase and improve her social grace and personal attractiveness.

SIXTH: THAT HE WILL at all times believe a faithful and loving wife to be the greatest gift his God may bestow.

Miss Elva
as an
Amateur
Dancer.

tion and appreciation which, in the eyes of God and man an obedient wife deserves.

AND THAT HE WILL PERMIT no temporary discords which may enter into the close relationship of the marriage tie to interrupt or diminish his love and sympathy.

AND CONSIDERATION of the agreement of the said M. Neuville Nederlake to the faithful observance of these covenants the said Mrs. A. G. Diestelhorst hereby agrees to the faithful observance of those financial arrangements separately entered into between the said M. Neuville Nederlake and herself which shall govern the annual settlements upon the said Elva Diestelhorst of moneys derived from her estate inheritance.

(Signed) NEUVILLE NEDERLAKE.
EDNA J. DIESTELHORST.
MRS. A. G. DIESTELHORST.

New York City, September Twelve, Nineteen-nineteen

Tremendous World Catastrophe to Happen on Dec. 17?

Professor Porta Insists That the Peculiar Grouping of the Planets Next Month Will Produce a Gigantic Sun Spot Which Will Explode

the Earth's Volcanoes, Shake Us with Earthquakes and Bury Us with Floods, but the Government Scientists Explain Why All This Is Not Likely to Happen

ON December 17 an unusual grouping of planets occurs in the heavens. On this much all astronomers agree—that there will be an unusual and over-balanced collection of powerful planetary bodies

grouped on one side of the sun. Professor Albert P. Porta asserts with great conviction that this unusual planetary situation will pull forth from the sun the mightiest sun-spot or explosion of gases ever known to man, and that our unfortunate planet, the earth, as an innocent bystander, will receive the full force of this solar cataclysm. Rising under this blow, Professor Porta predicts a disturbance on the earth without precedent or parallel, with hurricanes, lightning, colossal rains, gigantic lava eruptions, great earthquakes, floods, and fearful cold.

Professor Porta's predictions have attracted a good deal of attention and have brought many anxious inquiries to the government astronomers in Washington and to the scientists in various State and college observatories. While all astronomers agree with Professor Porta as to the unusual planetary situation in the heavens next month, they do not admit that the consequences will be as he predicts. On this page Isabel M. Lewis, of the staff of the U. S. Naval Observatory at Washington, discusses Professor Porta's assertions.

Professor Porta's Distressing Prediction

OWING to a strange grouping of six mighty planets, such as has not been known since the beginning of the United States next December will be swept by the most terrific weather cataclysm experienced since human history began.

It will be caused by the hugest sun-spot on record—a sun-spot that will be visible to the naked eye. Since man first began to make record of events, no sun-spot has been large enough to be seen without the aid of instruments. This one will be.

The sun-spot that will appear December 17, 1919, will be a vast wound in the side of the sun.

It will be a gigantic explosion of flaming gases, leaping hundreds of thousands of miles out into space. It will have a crater large enough to engulf the earth, much as Vesuvius might engulf a football.

Such a sun-spot will be rich enough in electro-magnetic energy to fling the atmosphere of our planet into a disturbance without precedent or parallel.

There will be hurricanes, lightning, colossal rains. It will be weeks before the earth will regain its normal conditions.

There will also be gigantic lava eruptions, great earthquakes, to say nothing of floods and fearful cold.

I make this startling prophecy with no desire to be merely sensational or alarming. It is simply because my study of the planets has revealed certain results with mathematical certainty.

On December 17, 1919—no less than seven planets will pull jointly on the sun. These will include all the mightiest planets, those with the most powerful pull.

Six of them—Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune—will be in conjunction, grouped together in the greatest "league of planets" ever known in the annals of astronomy.

They will be massed in the narrow limit of 36 degrees on the same side of the sun!

Directly opposite, coming into opposition with this gigantic league will be the huge planet Uranus. The magnetic currents between Uranus and the six planets will place the sun like a mighty spear.

Our earth is outside the league, at an angle of nearly

By Isabel M. Lewis

of the Nautical Almanac Office, United States Naval Observatory, Washington. The sensational prediction that an enormous sun-spot, plainly visible to the naked eye, is to appear on December 17, and that it will be attended by "the most terrific weather cataclysm since human history began," has been circling so generally throughout the country and has aroused such an unusual degree of apprehension in some quarters that many observatories and editors of astronomical publications in the United States have been receiving numerous inquiries as to whether there is any scientific basis for this prediction.

The foundation for this belief is supposed to be the fact that on this date six of the planets—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune—will be grouped on the same side of the sun "within the narrow limit of 36 degrees," while a seventh, Uranus, will be diametrically opposite to this combination on the other side of the sun.

The earth is at right angles to this grouping of planets and so placed, it is said, "in perfect position to receive almost the full force of the monster electrical disturbance." To quote the words of the predictor, "The statement is also made that 'two planets united are enough to produce a small sun-spot and a small storm, while three cause a larger one and four make a very great storm, indeed.'"

It is true that on December 17 the rela-

tive positions of the planets will be as stated above, as may be seen from the diagram which gives the relative positions of the planets throughout the year 1919.

However, it is possible to show that four or even five or six planets may be within a narrow zone on either side of the sun without producing unusual disturbances on the earth. In fact, such groupings of the planets have already taken place several times during the present year, with no abnormal results.

We find from the diagram that the planetary groupings of December 17 will be very similar to what they were during the latter part of May of this year. About the 25th of May Neptune, Saturn, Jupiter and Venus were all within a zone about thirty degrees wide on one side of the sun, with Mercury and Uranus diametrically opposite on the other side of the sun, and the earth and Mars opposite to each other and at right angles to this combination of six planets.

Accordingly, there should have been at that time a cataclysm almost as severe as the one that is scheduled for December 17, since six planets were nearly in line and the earth was nearly at right angles to the combination (as it is to be on December 17), and therefore "in perfect position to receive the full force of the monster electrical disturbance."

There was a large sun-spot visible in May (also in June), and an electrical storm

on the earth, but there have been other sun-spots fully as large, and electrical storms fully as great in other years when no two planets were in conjunction.

On August 1 of this year Mercury, Venus and the earth were in less than thirty degrees of each other on one side of the sun, with Mars, Jupiter and Neptune on the opposite side; again, six planets nearly in line and nothing unusual occurred in the way of sun-spots and magnetic storms, although, according to the theory on which the prediction for December 17 is based, even four planets nearly in line will produce "a very great storm, indeed."

The planets, with the exception of Mercury and Venus, change their relative positions very slowly. Especially is this true of the largest and most powerful planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. The nearest and most rapidly moving of the four, Jupiter, changes its position only thirty degrees in the course of an entire year. Saturn moves but twelve degrees in a year. Uranus about four degrees and Neptune only two and a fraction.

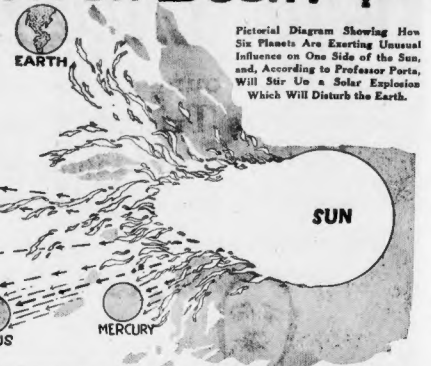
So if these four mightiest planets are in line with each other in December, they are also nearly in line for several months preceding and following this time, and no great and sudden effect could be produced by the changes in their relative positions during this period. The "electro-magnetic pull" of these four planets, Neptune, Uranus, Saturn and Jupiter, upon the sun will be no greater on December 17 than it was in September and October.

It is the comparatively small inner planets that change their positions most rapidly, relative to each other and the other planets. Mercury darts completely around the sun in eighty-eight days, and Venus makes a revolution in seven and a half months. Our own planet, Earth, moves about a degree in a day.

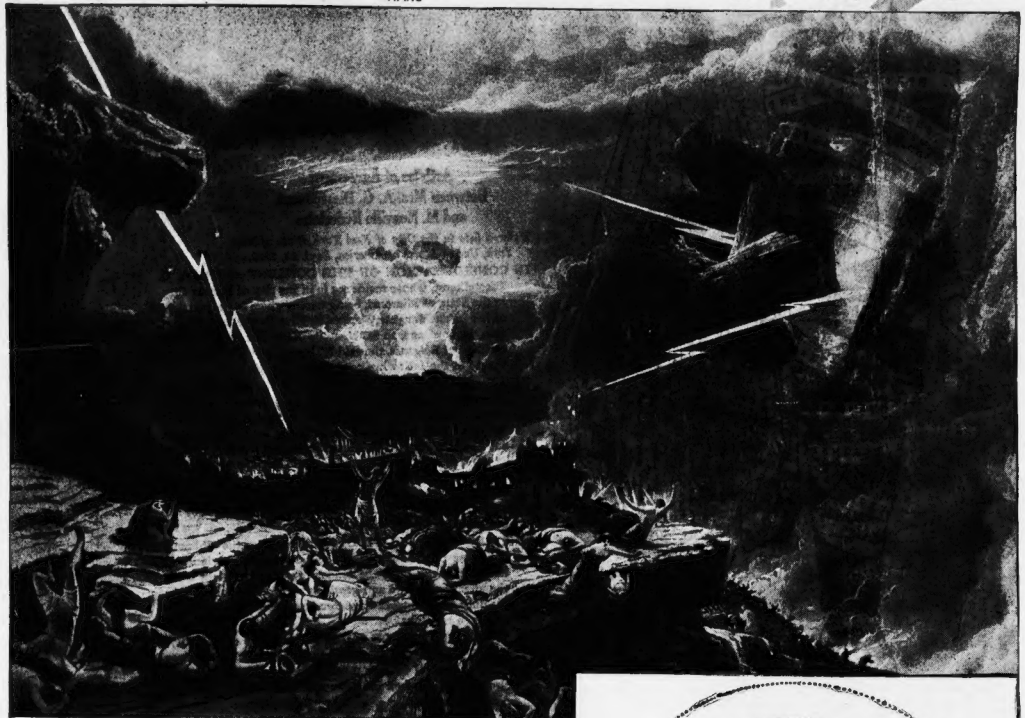
Reference to the diagram will show that these rapidly moving planets have been closely in line with three or more of the planets several different times during the present year. So if the combined electro-magnetic forces of three or four planets closely grouped are supposed to produce solar and terrestrial storms of great intensity, why have not such abnormal storms occurred a number of times this year, particularly in May and August, when six planets were in line?

There are, it is true, electro-magnetic effects produced by the sun upon the planets. Violent solar disturbances in the form of sun-spots and eruptive prominences produce electrical effects upon the earth and in its atmosphere, such as violent magnetic storms, auroral displays, changes in atmospheric currents, cloudiness and rainfall, but it is by no means certain that the planets produce any important electro-magnetic effects upon the sun.

Sun-spots have been carefully studied for many years with a view to discovering such relationships if they exist—and many attempts have been made to determine the cause and nature of their periodicity, with no definite results, though, if anything, the evidence is in favor of an internal rather than an external cause. It is more likely that conditions existing within the sun's interior produce these periodic outbursts of solar activity, and all attendant solar and ter-



Pictorial Diagram Showing How Six Planets Are Exerting Unusual Influence on One Side of the Sun, and, According to Professor Porta, Will Stir Up a Solar Explosion Which Will Disturb the Earth.



THE END OF THE WORLD—By Francis Danby.

"And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind."—Revelations vi, 13.

90 degrees—in perfect position to receive almost the full force of the monster electrical disturbance as it leaps into activity on what, to us, will be the eastern horizon of the sun's disc.

Be warned in advance. Tremendous things are going to happen from December 17 to 20, 1919, and afterward!

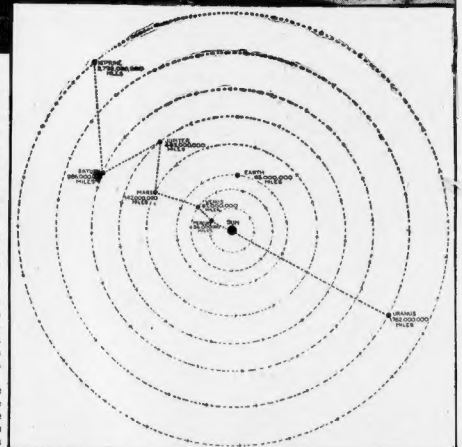


Diagram Showing Positions of the Various Planets on Dec. 17.

restrial displays, than that they are due to the action of the planets.

If electro-magnetic effects were produced by the planets they would not occur with startling suddenness, but would be more or less periodic in their nature and in keeping with the sun-spot cycle of maximum and minimum appearance. The period when sun spots were most prevalent for this particular cycle occurred two years ago, when solar outbursts were more pronounced and magnetic storms more prevalent than they have been during the past year. Since solar storms are now decreasing

in number and intensity no unusual disturbance in the atmosphere of the sun or upon the earth's surface is to be expected in the near future.

We may be reasonably assured, then, that no sudden cataclysm will arise as a result of the relative groupings of the planets either on or following December 17.

Many times in the past six or seven years planets have been closely in line without any disastrous results, and there is no reason to believe that the December grouping of the planets will be in any way remarkable.

Wig-Wagged "YES" to Her Lover in Sky

Dramatic Finish of the Romantic War-Time Wooing That Won Young Millionaire Bowdoin Just the Sort of Bride His Dead Father Had Wanted Him to Marry

A DROWSY Summer afternoon—a shady, secluded corner of the grounds surrounding a stately Southern mansion—and a girl whom people called the reigning beauty of a region famous for its beautiful women.

All the makings of romance? Yes, for at the side of this fascinating heroine sat a man wearing the uniform of major in the aviation service. And speeding toward her at that very moment as fast as a highly powered airplane could carry him was another man—a flying cadet.

Unkind critics would have said that the major was "old enough to be her father." But no father ever looked so intensely earnest, and the way he bent his head close to hers as if better to probe the depths of her lustrous dark eyes was not at all paternal. When at last he pressed one of her slender hands in both his own, even an amateur in romance would have guessed at a glance that he was about to ask this girl to be his wife.

Just as his trembling lips were beginning to frame his eager heart's message, the distant hum of an airplane motor came purring through the air. The girl gazed upward, tilting her pretty head in an adorable, bird-like way that made the poor major more madly in love with her than ever. He looked up, too, and presently they both could see the plane speeding toward them, a mere speck against the distant blue.

Directly over their heads it came and began a series of wide circles, descending lower and lower with each one. When it drew so near the earth that the white numbers on its wings were plainly visible the girl leaped to her feet. From her bosom she drew a little flag and began waving it frantically, for all the world like a youthful reincarnation of Barbara Pritchelle.

At the first flutter of the flag's silken folds the airplane started behaving as if bewitched. Up it shot like a rocket, only to come sliding down the next instant in a spectacular nose dive. Side slips, tail spins and other aerial acrobatics followed in breathless succession. And all the time the girl kept wigwagging her flag as if life depended on it, while the wondering major still clung fondly to her other hand.

"I can't marry you," she cried, when the plane finally settled to an even level and disappeared to the north. "I'm going to marry the man in that plane. He asked me to be his wife yesterday and I promised to wigwag my answer when he flew by today. And I've just said yes."

All this happened not in the pages of a novel or the films of a motion picture play but in real life—on the lawn of a handsome home in Montgomery, Alabama. The girl who gave her heart's answer in this unusual manner was Emily Castleton Ligon, known through the length and breadth of the South for her bewitching brunette beauty.

The aviator who made his plane perform so daintily in his joy at sight of love's signal was George Temple Bowdoin, millionaire son of a former partner of the late J. Pierpont Morgan and himself a ward of the present Mr. Morgan.

The major—well, it is only kindness to let him be nameless. He was one of many army officers whose hearts were almost broken when young Mr. Bowdoin carried off this exquisite matrimonial prize.

Miss Ligon and Mr. Bowdoin were married last month. The wedding was of unusual interest, not only because of the romantic wartime wooing which made it possible, but because young Bowdoin in marrying just as he did was realizing one of his dead father's fondest hopes.

Millionaire's sons have a habit of disappointing their fathers. The one towering quality that enabled the older men to amass great fortunes seem to make the younger ones intolerant of ideas that would result in their becoming reckless spendthrifts, marry the wrong girls or ruin their fathers' hopes in still more unpleasant ways.

But George Temple Bowdoin is a brightly shining exception to this rule. If ever there was a son who did "just as his father wanted" he is the one. Even in love, as his recent marriage has proved, he is steering close to the course which his father, Temple Bowdoin, carefully charted for him years ago.

Emily Ligon is just the sort of wife the older Bowdoin would have selected for her only son. She is beautiful, intelligent—a girl of beauty, refinement and wealth, but most important of all a girl sprung on both her father's and mother's side from the oldest, sturdiest American stock.

Family, you see—the sort of family whose genealogical tree has people of distinction adorning every branch—was something which Temple Bowdoin worshipped. European noblemen ever took greater pride in his race or was notrazier was perpetuated in all its purity of strain. He delighted in the fact that his forebears had

"At the First Flutter of the Flag's Silken Folds the Airplane Started Behaving as if Bewitched. And All the Time the Girl Kept Wigwagging Her Flag as if Her Life Depended on It. While the Wondering Major Still Clung Fondly to Her Other Hand."

comes here in the early days of America's settlement and that ever since they had played a prominent part in the history of this new world.

The Bowdoin family traces its origins in America back to Pierre Bowdoin, a French Huguenot, who landed in Boston in 1672. Later generations linked it with the families of Alexander Hamilton, first Secretary of the Treasury, and Philip Schuyler, the dashing Revolutionary general, as well as with the blue-blooded Whitthrop, Morris, Sullivan and Temple families of Maine and Massachusetts.

From the time his son was able to understand such things Temple Bowdoin was continually urging upon him the importance of maintaining the Americanism for which the Bowdoin family has for nearly three hundred years been famous. His deathbed advice to the boy was: "Complete

your education in America, always make your home here and marry a girl of as pure American stock as your own."

The first of these injunctions were made part of Mr. Bowdoin's will. All the millions which he had amassed through his connection with the great Morgan banking house were to descend to George only on condition that he attend no foreign schools or colleges and that he never give up his residence in this country.

The young man gave Mr. Morgan, his legal guardian, no cause for anxiety on either of these scores. After completing his course at the Groton School he went to Harvard. Like his father, a town house in New York and a country estate up the Hudson had far greater attractions for him than life in Europe.

But the third of the injunctions was not so easy of fulfillment. Although not tied up with the legal red tape of the will, George Bowdoin felt it even more binding than the other two—his father had reiterated it so often and almost the last thing before he died.

He began to understand that in this American melting pot girls of 100-per-cent plus Americanism like that of the Bow-

Young Mr. Bowdoin in the Plane He Was Driving When His Eyes Were Delighted by the Sight of Miss Ligon's Wigwagged Message.

doin family are exceedingly rare. It was a rather distressing situation for one who had wealth, education, youth and health and needed only to find his mate to complete his enjoyment of life, but he never wavered in his loyal determination to carry out his father's wish.

Then came the war. Young Bowdoin enlisted, as so many other young men of wealth did, in the aviation service. He was sent to Taylor Field, near Montgomery, Ala., to be trained for air fighting.

By what he now considers one of the luckiest chances of his life he carried to Montgomery a letter of introduction to Mrs. Edward Lowery. A close friend of Emily Ligon's, she promptly urged Emily to add Bowdoin to the long list of visitors who were being constantly entertained at the Ligon home.

Bowdoin was outwitted in a military sense, but not in any other. After their first meeting Emily Ligon admitted to herself that she liked this mere cadet better than any of the countless officers who had fallen under the spell of her beauty. As for Bowdoin, he realized that he was desperately, madly in love.

But there was a troublesome fly in the ointment of his joy. The name Ligon sounded strangely foreign to his Northern ears. What if Emily's family did not measure up to his father's stern requirements of Americanism? With this dread possibility wrenching his heart, he hurried to a local genealogical expert and ordered a full report on the Ligon family tree.

At last the report came, and to Bowdoin's infinite relief it showed that Emily came of as sturdy American stock as any outside the Bowdoin family could possibly be. Ancestors on both her father's and her mother's side had settled here only a few years after Pierre Bowdoin set foot in Boston. One of her grandparents was a famous Governor of Alabama, another was a distinguished college president, her father was a gallant general.

Bowdoin's delight knew no bounds. This prize was far more worth winning than he had dared dream. And he could undertake to capture it without any conscientious worries about disregarding his father's wishes.

With a girl so charming as Emily Ligon the task was no easy one. For competitors Bowdoin found that he had almost every heart-free officer at Taylor Field. And being only a cadet he found it difficult to get leave to visit the Ligon home as often as some of his superior officers could.

However, a sturdy American like Bowdoin was not to be deterred. He planned his siege of Emily's heart with care and he carried it through with all the brilliancy that used to characterize his father's campaigns in the financial world.

His final declaration of love was hastened by the news of his approaching transfer to a flying field in Texas. It was made on the lawn of the Ligon home—in the very spot where the following day the major began an avowal that was never completed.

"Give me until tomorrow," pleaded the blushing maiden. "To-morrow at three you shall have my answer."

That evening Bowdoin found himself ordered on a practice flight that would prevent his calling the next day.

"But that doesn't matter," he telephoned Emily Ligon. "You can give me your answer just the same. I'll fly over your house at 3 o'clock, and you can sign my answer to me from the lawn."

It all happened even more dramatically than Bowdoin had planned, for of course he had no idea that one of his rivals would choose that same hour for laying his heart at Emily Ligon's feet.

On account of Miss Ligon's youth the engagement was not formally announced for many months. In the meantime the young flying cadet won his commission and made a most creditable record as an aviator.

Now they are passing their honeymoon as all 100 per cent American bridal pairs should—in a tour of America. On their return they will be neighbors of J. Pierpont Morgan in New York City during the Winter, and will live in the Summer at "Oakhurst," the Bowdoin family estate at Ham-burgton-Hudson.

If they live ever after as happily as everybody expects they will, millionaire fathers for generations to come will point out George Temple Bowdoin to come with as a splendid example of the wisdom of following father's advice.

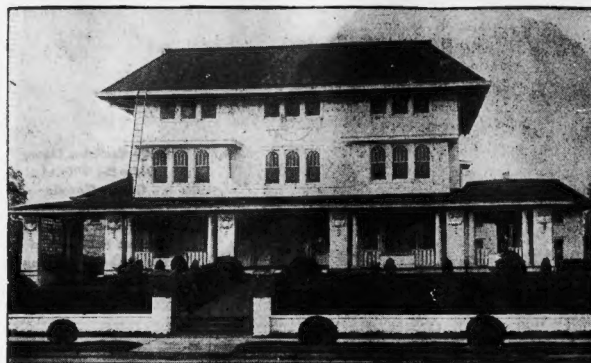


Emily Castleton Ligon, Now the Wife of George Temple Bowdoin, Who Found in Her the Perfect Fulfilment of His Father's Exacting Requirements.

General Ligon's Stately Home, Where the Real Romance Was Staged.

Searching For America's Mysterious

Astonishing Exploits of a Nation-Wide Organizational Professionals Led by a Criminal Genius



The Summer home of Mrs. Joseph Paterno, in fashionable Allenhurst, New Jersey. Unable to reach the Paterno jewels in the famous "Paterno Castle," the Master Criminal's crew waited until the family occupied this Summer residence, where the opportunities for strategem were better.

Mrs. Joseph Paterno, who lost jewels worth \$80,000 in money and much more in sentimental value.

CHAPTER XII.—The Paterno Case and Other Jewel Robberies.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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THE most interesting character in imaginative stories of crime always has been the thief who goes about his nefarious business in the garb of fashion and refinement—he may best be described as the "dress suit" burglar, or robber, or highwayman, or common trickster, as the case may be. Writers of detective fiction always have fallen back upon such a character as this as the surest way of holding the attention of their readers—to whom the burglar dressed in the habiliments of the fashionable drawing room is ever an interesting contrast.

But this character always has been looked upon as only a creature of fiction. Few intelligent persons have believed that the sort of thief or gunman, shoplifter or burglar the policeman on the beat or the detective in plain clothes, actually comes into contact with, ever wears such a conventional hallmark of respectability and confidence, as well fitting, correctly tailored evening clothes and the grace of poise and demeanor that such a costume sets upon one.

The capable young woman whose position was that of parlor maid, or confidential house servant, in the residence of Mrs. Joseph Paterno, wife of one of New York's most interesting millionaire business men, has, undoubtedly, read a great of "Raffles," "Arsene Lupin" and other well-dressed thieves of their sort, but she could not be expected to believe that evening clothes fashioned by an expensive Fifth avenue tailor, a silk hat worn with the ease of custom, a monogrammed scarf and correctly sewn gloves, might be the ordinary tools of a cunning rogue, one of that amazing organization of thieves which America's master-criminal has built up.

So, when she was summoned, one evening not long ago, to the door which opens upon the private auto driveway flanking the Summer residence of the Paterno's, in the midst of the exclusive Allenhurst colony, just outside New York, this maid was thrown completely off her guard when a rather distinguished looking man, in smartly fitting evening clothes, who had just stepped out of the limousine waiting in the driveway, stepped past her into the reception hall, with a brusque: "Announce me to Mrs. Paterno, please—I am Mr. Davis."

Mrs. Paterno was not at home. She had gone half an hour earlier, to a ball at the Country Club near by. Yet, unconsciously, the maid held out her hands for the hat and scarf and cane which the visitor held out to her. He was so debonair, and his manner was so thoroughly that of one who is expected and completely at home in his surroundings, that the maid was nonplused for the moment. It was strange, she thought that Mrs. Paterno had forgotten to leave any instructions with her for this gentleman, who, quite evidently, had been invited for the evening.

The stranger, who was drawing off his gloves, noticed her hesitancy. He spoke curtly: "I said announce me, please—I am Mr. Davis—you may add that I am late unavoidably and very sorry if I have kept her waiting."

By now the maid had recovered her wits. She felt that, in some way, an apology was due this gentleman.

"I am sorry, sir," she said, "but Mrs. Paterno must have forgotten to tell me—but she is not at home, sir. She left half an hour ago and did not leave word for Mr. Davis."

The visitor appeared to be much amazed for a moment, and then puzzled.

"She is not at home? Why—that is hardly possible—are you sure? I was to call for her at 10."

The maid was too well mannered to say what was, to her, quite apparent—that her mistress had forgotten that she had had an appointment with this Mr. Davis. And she must have forgotten it, the maid was certain, as it was just 10 o'clock when she left for the Country Club hall—alone, in her own limousine. The visitor fumbled in his pockets until he found a gold-plated card case. He seemed about to hand her his card, as if that might persuade her to discover that she had been mistaken in saying her mistress was out.

"I am really very sorry, sir," the maid reiterated, "but she must have thought you were not coming."

By this time the man in the evening clothes seemed to accept his disappointment. Yet he was much embarrassed, and apparently so sincerely so that the maid was further than ever from suspecting that he might be anything else than the acquaintance of Mrs. Paterno that he appeared to be.

"Perhaps she gave me up when I was not here on

time," the visitor said. "I knew she was taking me to some sort of an affair this evening, and I should have been here promptly at 10, but something interfered. It is very awkward. Did she say where she was going? Was it a supper or a dance? I should like to find her, if it were possible, to send in my explanations, if nothing else."

Now the maid brightened. She could help out this disappointed Mr. Davis this far, any way.

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir, I can tell you that. She went to the Country Club just a mile or so down the road, to the usual Monday night dances. She would be glad to have you send her your card there, I am sure."

"Thank you very much. Now if you will just tell my chauffeur how to find the club—it is quite dark along these roads, you know—I shall be very appreciative."

He took his hat, cane and scarf, and drew on his gloves while the maid explained carefully to the chauffeur who sat, stiffly, at the limousine wheel. As he stepped into his car, "Mr. Davis" lingered long enough to ask the maid to express his deep regrets to her mistress if, by any chance, he should miss her at the club dance and not have the opportunity of apologizing for his lateness.

All of this occupied, perhaps, not more than seven minutes—seven minutes from the time the door bell rang until the limousine wheeled around in the private driveway and out the gate into the public road. Perhaps it was another two or three minutes before the maid had switched out the driveway lights, which she had switched on when she answered the doorbell, and had reached her room upstairs, where she had been awaiting her mistress's return.

Yet, in that seven or ten minutes, eighty thousand dollars' worth of Mrs. Paterno's jewels had been stolen from her dressing room! The false "Mr. Davis" had donned his evening clothes with the same object in view as the common thief who equips himself with his burglar's "jimmy." The seven minutes of conversation with the maid in the Paterno hallway was part of a carefully, minutely considered plan to filch the Paterno jewels.

It is because of such well-laid plans as this one, so frequently carried out with remarkable success, that the cleverest detective minds in the United States are to-day turning upon the task of ferreting out the master criminal, who consolidated into one vicious organization the most cunning or misadventurous of the country.

What has come to be known as "the Paterno case" is a most interesting example of the painstaking detail with which the actors are rehearsed and the stage is set for each of these daring and immensely profitable crimes. The remarkable personal history of Mr. Paterno and the romantic history of the jewels themselves add unusual interest to this particular exploit of the master criminal's band.

Mr. Paterno, with his brothers, came to America not many years ago, a poor immigrant, with only the money necessary to pass him by the immigration authorities at Ellis Island, who demand that every newcomer to this country have at least \$25 in his possession.

When he married, a few years ago, he took his bride into a home which had cost him almost a million dollars. His Winter residence is one of the sights of New York because of its unique architecture—a great stone pile overlooking the Hudson, with towers and turrets that make it resemble a medieval castle. It is known, in fact, as "the Paterno Castle."

On each anniversary of his wedding Mr. Paterno always gives his wife a magnificent jewel. It was these gems that became a part of the master criminal's loot.

Undoubtedly the decision to steal the Paterno gems was made long before the crime was actually perpetrated. Agents of the master-criminal, watching Mrs. Paterno and familiarizing themselves with the customs of the Paterno household, soon discovered that there would be little opportunity to find more than a small part of the Paterno jewels in the house at one time—and even then they would be too well guarded.

But when Summer came, and the Paternos moved into their Summer mansion at Allenhurst, on the New Jersey shore, Mrs. Paterno habitually took with her enough of her jewels to serve for the semi-formal entertainments which are part of the fashionable Summer colony life. It was too far into town to the safety deposit vaults to make trips each time there was a dance, or a fete, or a country club supper. Throughout the first of the Summer months the watchers kept Mrs. Paterno under constant surveillance.

No intruders could hope to get near the Paterno jewels even with Mr. and Mrs. Paterno absent and all the

other servants asleep, or busy with their own affairs in the servants' part of the house—while this one maid awaited her mistress's homecoming. While all other plans for the robbery had been made, it still was necessary to devise a way to attract this one servant away from the room in which the jewels were kept.

Mr. Paterno had been kept in town that night. It would have been quite natural for a friend of the family to be invited to take Mrs. Paterno to the dance. So the maid was surprised only that her

mistress had forgotten, when "Mr. Davis" appeared.

Thus it was that the maid allowed her attention to be occupied for seven minutes by a stranger. Those seven minutes were quite enough for three other men—the police counted their footsteps—to climb into a window just off the porch, reach Mrs. Paterno's dressing room upstairs, loot the dresser, break into a miniature safe and abstract the eighty thousand dollars' worth of jewels which remained there after she had chosen what she wished to wear at the Country Club dance.

They worked deftly and quickly, these three men, knowing from the reports of watchers who had made themselves familiar with the ways of the Paterno household, that they would not be interrupted while the maid was downstairs talking to their "Mr. Davis." They sped across the lawn to the outside roadway, while "Mr. Davis" was lingering at his limousine for a lost word to the maid. When the car swung into the road and out of view from the house it stopped, and the three men who had actually stolen the jewels climbed inside, and the car whirled away to the city and the thieves' rendezvous.

It is estimated by the police that this robbery must have been planned for at least a year, and that preparations for it occupied that much time. The thieves had to know just where the jewels were kept, just what was the location of the little strong box in which they were locked. This information could not have been gained without long watching, since none of the Paterno servants is suspected of collusion with the criminals, and so the necessary information could not have been gained from inmates of the household.

The robbery had to be timed for a night when Mr. Paterno was detained in town. It had also to be a night when Mrs. Paterno went out wearing as few jewels as could be—a Country Club night, in fact—leaving the balance at home. The visit had to be timed to the minute, when there would be the least chance of meeting other servants.

Finally the attention of the watchful maid had to be diverted for just the length of time it would take the thieves to secure the jewels. The strategem of the belated visitor in his correct dress solved this problem.

While the theft of the Paterno jewels was an instance of a carefully planned and well executed robbery without the aid of any persons employed in the house, the usual practice of the master criminal's aides is to place confederates, in the guise of servants, in the homes of the wealthy where there are fortunes in jewels.

Disheveled servants always have been one of the menaces to the homes of the rich. The business man, banker or merchant may be reasonably sure of the honesty and integrity of his clerks, secretaries and office assistants. But this same banker will hire a butler, or his wife will hire a housekeeper or a personal maid, with no more proof of their honesty than "recommendations" from some former employer who may or may not be known.

Servants usually belong to a class that cannot be so thoroughly investigated as the aspirant for a responsible business or bank position. The master or mistress usually cares little about their companions or their private life—because just so they are efficient servants. Many times recommendations are forged and the deception never discovered.

And yet the servant in the home of a wealthy family is quite often the only watchman over thousands of dollars' worth of jewels while his master and mistress are away from home. Police authorities confronted suddenly with a series of jewel thefts from wealthy homes in and around New York City, with the loot amounting in value to many millions of dollars, were not astonished to discover cover at once that this sort of thievery had been systematically carried on in the same vicious manner which had succeeded in



Mrs. Seward Webb, the New York society leader, who was followed 250 miles by members of the jewel thieves' band—until at last the opportunity came to them to get her jewel case with contents.

Master Criminal

Organization of Highly-Skilled
Genius Whose Startling Achievements
Outmatch Anything in Detective
Novels or in the
Motion Pictures

"In immaculately correct evening clothes and backed by a limousine, 'Mr. Davis' held the attention of the Paterno maid for seven minutes—long enough for three confederates to enter a window, go to Mrs. Paterno's dressing table and safe and loot it of \$50,000 worth of jewels. When 'Mr. Davis' departed the thieves had gone, too—to join him just outside the Paterno grounds."



as well in terrorizing department stores and other big mercantile institutions.

It was soon discovered that "schools" for the training of thieves in the art of being capable servants and that departments for the purpose of finding employment for the school graduates in wealthy homes and the forging of "recommendations" had been established by the "organization."

vers of outdoor sports will recall with considerable interest the name of Malcolm D. Whitman, the wealthy clubman, who is America's tennis champion and who married, as a result of a romance which began on the tennis court, the beautiful Jennie Crocker, of California, heiress to one of the greatest of the "Days of Forty-nine" fortunes. Whitman possessed a collection of jewels valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars.

A few months ago an important servant was needed in the Whitman household in New York. While Mrs. Whitman passed personally upon the qualifications of applicants for positions on her household staff, which numbered twelve men and women, she never bothered personally seeking out applicants. When a servant was needed her butler telephoned to a prominent

agency, with offices on fashionable Fifth avenue, which supplies servants for the homes of the rich.

The young man sent to the Whitman home proved to be all that the agency had said for him. He was quiet, apparently unusually intelligent, and his manners betrayed long familiarity with the routine of a fashionable household. He was very modest in speaking of his own abilities, seemingly to prefer that Mrs. Whitman would examine his references for an indication of his value as a trusted servant.

These "recommendations" were indeed just what the agency had said of them—"of the highest possible class." They were signed by some of New York's best known matrons, and all were written upon letter papers which in some instances Mrs. Whitman recognized as being the particular kind affected by the woman whose name was signed as a satisfied former employer of the young man. She knew that Mrs. George Vanderbilt, for instance, used but one kind of note paper—plain, marbled surface white. The young man presented a reference supposedly signed by Mrs. Vanderbilt. He had worked for her at her Summer lodge the season before, he said.

The young man, who had given his name as "John Reider," proved to be all that his references proclaimed him. The butler was well satisfied with his services, and Mrs. Whitman liked him very much. Three weeks after he was engaged he disappeared, however, and with him went a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Mrs. Whitman's jewelry—a diamond and platinum necklace, a ruby

bracelet, a jade watch valued at \$2,000, a rope of opals and a diamond pendant in which was set twenty-four carats of perfectly matched stones!

Mrs. Vanderbilt was astounded when she learned that the young man had been hired upon her recommendation. She had never had him in her employ, and certainly had never given him a reference. She could not explain how "John Reider" had obtained a sheet of paper and envelope from her writing desk. At the Fifth avenue servants' agency the manager declared that he, too, had accepted the forged recommendations as being unquestionably genuine.

It was plain that "John Reider" had fitted himself for entry into a wealthy home with extraordinary care and an amazing knowledge of the individual traits of the rich women to whom he referred. The police recognized the master criminal's ingenuity at once. Only he, with his organization, could have fortified "John Reider" with just the right sort of references, forged so well that they were unquestioned by an agency familiar with the ways of every servants' staff in town.

This instance is typical of a score or more of the painstaking care with which agents of the criminal organization have been placed in the homes of the wealthy as servants, soon to reveal themselves as jewel thieves.

Another interesting case was that of the theft of fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds from the wealthy Mrs. Seward Webb and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Vanderbilt Webb, both of New York.

Both the elder and younger Mrs. Webb have famous collections of jewels, but both keep their gems well guarded while in their New York homes. Dishonest servants frequently were found in the Webb homes, but never did they succeed in filching any of their mistresses'



jewels. But one of these discovered late this Summer that Mrs. Webb and her daughter-in-law were planning to attend a house party at the Summer home of Mrs. Llewellyn Parsons at Kennebunk Beach, in Maine. Of course, both Mrs. Seward Webb and Mrs. Vanderbilt Webb would take with them at least some part of the jewels to wear at the various entertainments which would be a part of the house party programs.

The spying servant learned that the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law intended to make the trip by motor, a distance of three hundred miles, stopping en route for a dance at Bar Harbor.

When the motor party set out it was followed, a few discreet miles behind, by another car, in which rode two men and a woman. When the Webb car stopped over night at Bar Harbor the waiting car stopped also. When the trip was broken at another resort along the road the second car and its party also rested over night. Once along the road the Webb car broke down and the members of the party strolled away from the roadside while the chauffeur attended to his repairs. The chauffeur found it necessary to go to a nearby farmhouse for a pail of water. While he left the car the baggage of the party was opened and ransacked, but the jewels were not found. It seemed as if the followers in the second car, which still kept out of sight, but close enough to make a dash for the Webb baggage the moment the chauffeur's back was turned, would be disappointed in their trip.

But their opportunity came when the Webb party arrived at the home of Mrs. Parsons. In the excitement of their reception and during the confusion of unpacking and settling themselves in the guest apartments in the Parsons home the Webb jewel casket was left for a moment on a dressing table. A few moments later the elder Mrs. Webb remembered her jewel case and hurried to her room to get it, saying that she would ask her hostess to put it in the house safe. When she reached her dressing table the case was gone, and with it necklaces, bracelets and pendants valued at \$50,000. An open window disclosed the manner in which the thieves had entered, and a pair of binoculars found in a nearby field, close to a clump of bushes, disclosed that the occupants of the car which had followed them from New York had watched them even into their rooms, through the window, and probably had seen the glitter of the silver jewel casket as it was lifted from its secret hiding place in the Webb trunks and left for a moment on the dressing table!

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

The Best of Luck *By* Arthur Somers Roche

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

GERALD MAGEE is penniless and does not know where to look for his next meal. Unable to obtain work in Rockport he is looking about the railway station in search of some freight car tumper that will give him a free ride out of this inhospitable town. A shifty-eyed stranger suddenly appears out of the evening shadows and thrusts into Magee's hands a mysterious envelope. Just then Elias J. Blake, the wealthy Mayor of Rockport, and his beautiful daughter, Eleanor, pass in their motor car. The stranger adds still further to Magee's amazement by referring to Eleanor Blake as the girl Magee is going to marry. After the stranger has gone Magee opens the envelope and finds twenty \$1,000 banknotes. He determines to remain in Rockport and try to clear up the mystery which has given him all this money and declared him the fiancé of a young woman he never saw before.

He deposits one of the \$1,000 banknotes at a pawnbroker's and then proceeds to exchange his tramp's garb for one of prosperity and refinement. After ensnaring a luxurious suite at the fashionable Hotel Bolstead he visits a local newspaper "morning" under pretense of being a reporter and there learns that Eleanor Blake is engaged to marry Henry J. Madison, the District Attorney who enjoys the reputation of having closed Holberg's well known gambling house by a raid. The establishment, however, is still open, and Magee visits the place that night. He arrives just in time to prevent Holberg from murdering Tarson for having, as he thinks, "double crossed" him. Tarson had been given a \$25,000 bribe for Madison and it was this money which he handed to Magee, having mistaken the latter for the dishonest District Attorney in disguise. Enraged at his failure to receive the promised bribe Madison later in the night makes a spectacular raid on the gambling house.

CHAPTER III. (Continued)

In the Gambling House.

HOLBERG stood before a door thrown suddenly open, which disclosed a narrow flight of stairs leading upward. A young man made a rush for the way of escape. Promptly Holberg's fat fist knocked him down.

"There's worse for the next man that tries it," he promised. "You bunch of boobies ain't going to fly out here until the stuff is out. Hear me? It takes evidence to convict and that doublecrossing crook behind this ain't going to find the evidence. Back, blast you!"

He waved a revolver as he spoke and the panicstricken mob gave back, while the gambler's employee, sweating, cursing, panting beneath their burdens, raced up the stairs with the gambling paraphernalia.

Mr. Magee smiled. He was not of those who demanded exit. Mr. Magee knew that only the proprietor and his employees would be subject to arrest. Mr. Magee didn't mind staying for the police. Also, he admitted the shrewdness of Holberg, who, by placing his gambling paraphernalia outside his house, would be in a position to declare and maintain that the things were not his.

Mr. Magee smiled; but his smile suddenly faded, for tugging at Holberg's arm with one hand, while the other fumbled with a wry collar and swollen throat, was Tarson.

"You—you," gasped Holberg, lifting his revolver.

But Tarson did not shrink away. He pointed at Magee. Above the roar of the police invading the lower part of the house, above the hysterical clamor of the trapped gamblers, the voice of Tarson arose.

"There he is, there he is!" he shrieked.

There was a wild earnestness in his voice that demanded heeding. Holberg lowered his weapon.

"There who is?" he asked.

Tarson pointed to Mr. Magee.

"The guy—what got—the dough," he gasped. "He—I heard his voice when he spoke to you; it's the voice of the man I gave the coin to, and—he looks like—the man what should have got it! Look at him: grab him!"

Holberg stared at Mr. Magee. He turned back to Tarson.

"You're trying to frame something to get out of it yourself," he declared. "You can't fool!"

"He's the guy, I tell you," raved Tarson. "I'll bet he's got the coin on him now! I'll bet!"

An employee passed Holberg the house bankroll. The gambler stared stupidly at it a moment. The voice of Tarson rose at the moment.

"There's a thousand-dollar bill there," he cried. "I'll bet he played it! You kept the numbers—you wrote them down—look at it, look at it!"

The gambler looked at Mr. Magee, who, despite a pounding heart, smiled carelessly, as who should say: "Go as far as you like; your man's crazy but still—"

Mr. Magee even shrugged his shoulders. Holberg separated the thousand-dollar bill from the bankroll. He looked at the number on it. Then he leaped toward Mr. Magee.

"By—"

"A frame! And I'll have your—"

He was within six feet of Mr. Magee before that worthy declined to move. But when he did move

it was with great speed, and directly to the right, where, on the wall, Mr. Magee had noted the switches that controlled the electric light. Mr. Magee did not turn the switches; to do so would be to rain but a fraction of a minute; Mr. Magee's fingers wound around the bit of porcelain. His fingers tore them from the fastenings; the room went suddenly dark and it would not be lighted again until the electric light company had sent a repair man. And Mr. Magee did not propose to remain in the room that long. Swiftly he edged toward the door leading to the roof.

CHAPTER IV.

The Strong Room.

BLOW came a crash as the street door yielded to the axe of the raiding squad. From outside came the jeers and cheers of the crowd that any city's streets at will yield, no matter what the hour, provided the presence of policemen promises action. From the room itself arose curses, whimpers and threats, the two former from the mouths of the trapped players who saw respectability sliding away from them, and the latter from the heavy chest of Holberg.

"Blas't him, where is he?" boomed the voice of Holberg. "Got a pocket light, any one? Shut up, you pack of snuffers! Blair, got a pocket light?"

"One second," said the voice of the croupier at whose table Mr. Ma-

gee had played. "One second—"

It was not a time for the exercise of that philosophy which always comforted and upheld Mr. Magee. It was a time for swift action; already his own eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness; it must be so with others.

Already Mr. Magee could make out the bulk of Holberg over by

tramps sitting aboard the little ladder that descended the rear end of a freight car.

One hand caught the wrist of Blair, who held the light; the other caught the croupier by the knee and he went down with a crash, spluttering and swearing. But the electric flashlight had dropped from his hand, and was lost—for



"As Magee picked up a chair and stood in front of her steel door swung softly open, revealing Holberg and a man who, even in the moonlight, was plainly recognizable as Henry Madison, district attorney."

round; he felt himself being carried up a flight of stairs; he heard a door open and felt himself thrown unceremoniously upon a hard floor. Even as it was being closed and locked behind him he heard, faintly, through ears just losing the buzz of throttling, the voice of Holberg, crying:

"Well, what the devil do you bulls mean by raidin' a private house?"

The gambling paraphernalia was evidently on the roof; Holberg had opened the roulette room door, and was preparing to bluff it through after the time-honored fashion of gamblers, who know that courts will not convict save on irrefutable evidence. But Mr. Magee was little concerned with the future fate of Holberg; interested him only his own plight.

"James B. Jay—that's little me," said Mr. Magee, aloud, scrambling to his feet.

He felt gingerly at his bruised throat; softly, beneath his breath, he cursed. And then he was glad of his subduing of his tones. For, from a corner of the room, came a rustle of silken garments, and a feminine voice.

"Who—who is it?"

Every so often Nature, sitting in the gallery, hears from the stage 'he minked notes of flute, 'cello and violin. And Nature was, disgustedly, "is that the best man can do? Watch me! I can do that with one instrument!"

Whereupon Dame Nature fashioned a throat wherefrom came silvery notes, resonant as a perfect bell, clear as a flute, tender as a 'cello, sweet as a violin mastery

played. Such was the voice that spoke to Mr. Magee.

Mr. Magee wheeled in the direction of the corner. "Your name's Eleanor Blake, isn't it?" he asked. "Answer me quick; you know it has to be?"

"Yes, yes; how—did you know?"

Mr. Magee laughed gently, though the laughter hurt his throat. "Know it? How? How does the bird know when to go North? How does the—"

He felt, with his keenness of instinct possessed by the tramp who has dodged the warring brakeman, that the girl in the corner shrank from him.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Magee, humbly. "I'm all right in the cerebellum. I'm not crazy. I didn't mean to alarm you. Very pretty affair, isn't it? Congenial crowd and all that."

He laughed almost hysterically. "Keep away from me," commanded the girl. "I don't know you; I—my brother—where is he?"

"Did you expect him here?" demanded Mr. Magee. "What are you doing, sitting out a dance?"

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"I'm the guy that put the hole in Holberg," said Mr. Magee. "But that doesn't matter. What does matter is, where's the elevator, or the chute, or the flying machine that's going to take us away from here? How did you come in, anyway?"

"Why, I walked in," was her answer.

"You don't mean it," said Mr. Magee. "Angels never walk. I mean, he went on, hastily, "how, where did you walk in?"

"The door."

"What door?"

"Why, the one behind me."

"I know it," said Mr. Magee, triumphantly. "I knew, the first time I saw you, that you'd do me lots of good. Now just point out that door and we'll be on our way."

"Quite the moon was shining, the mellow moon of the harvest, cause of joy to the farmer, to sweethearts and to the makers of popular songs. Its light filtered through a window and the occupants of the room became visible to each other. Also, looking past the girl—a mighty hard thing to do, when one has the appreciative eyes of Mr. Magee—he beheld the outline of the door to which she referred.

"Come on," he said, advancing toward her.

"But—my brother," she objected.

"Listen," said Mr. Magee.

Downstairs men were shouting, threatening, shrieking. "You get it all, don't you?" asked Mr. Magee.

"Do you still want to see brother? He's probably pinched with the rest of the gang, you know."

She laughed. "Oh, no, he's not arrested. He's one of Mr. Madison's assistants, you know." Her tone changed. "But you—you must be one of the gamblers. I'll call—"

"Do," said Mr. Magee, eagerly. "I'd go crazy over one of your high notes."

In the faint light he became aware of a blush and it pleased him mightily. But her next words made the buoyant swelling of his chest collapse.

"You are either insulting or—knows no better."

But he recovered. "I never will know any better. But—let's not worry about brother now. Did you see me get the braki's toss into this room?"

"I noticed just when I spoke to you. What do you mean?"

"I mean that this is supposed to be the strong room. Holberg's gang threw me in here to wait until the raid is over and then—it won't be a bit nice. Let's leave now."

"My brother said he'd meet me here," she answered. "I must wait. You may go."

"Oh, I'd rather stick," said Mr. Magee. "Maybe brother will introduce me."

"Please go," she said, coldly. "I'd rather stay," said Mr. Magee. "We can sit it out, you know."

"You're impossible! A gambler—one of these gamblers, I presume?"

"At your humble service, ma'am," said Mr. Magee. "My name is like the Bible, and I'd be a swell little pal to any dame. And would you

(Continued on Next Page.)

(Continued from Preceding Page.)

"He's awfully ambitious and Henry

The Only Way

"You're going to," said Mr. Magee.

"Oh," she said.

"Yes; I put the 'oh' in knowing," confessed Mr. Magee. "Surprise to you? Same to me. I do not like surprises. Shall we be going?"

words and from the throat of Rosenberg as he saw the girl behind Gerald Magee. As for the district attorney, he also stood as a statue of stone. It was Miss Blake who broke the silence.

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